

TEACHING THE HORSE.

A FAMOUS TRAINER DESCRIBES HIS METHODS.

Professor George Bartholomew Gives Details of His Scheme of Equine Instruction—Tells How Many Amusing Tricks Are Successfully Taught.

An Ingenious Instructor.

A horse to be susceptible to training must be spirited, full of sensibility, quick to understand and to put his conceptions into action, writes Prof. George Bartholomew in the New York Press. It makes no difference as to the age or sex of the animal; of course young horses are preferred to old ones. But old horses have been trained as successfully as young ones. For some time I don't request the horse to do anything. I pursue this course until the horse feels at home with me and looks upon me as his friend. I do not use force in training—nothing but kindness. Sometimes I give the new comer a lump of sugar or a handful of grain. Then he will come to me of his own

You gradually raise the height of the box. In the same way you teach him to place his foot on an upright bar, placed on the corner of the box. I can take a new horse and in three days so teach him that he will strike



FIRING THE CANNON.

a position with his foot on a pedestal. But, of course, a novice in horse-training could not do that.

A New Scholar.

Sometimes I have to add a stranger to the group. By talking and

the strap. The report of the pistol makes a slight noise and the horse will probably start back. Without reloading the pistol let him pull the strap a few times to convince him that he is not going to be hurt. After an interval try another cartridge. Gradually show him that the cart-ridge will not hurt him any more than the strap. Reduce or increase the sound according to the way he behaves, until finally you can use a full cartridge.

The Most Difficult Lesson.

Probably the most difficult thing to teach a horse is the meaning of words and sign language. I am careful when I utter words to make a physical movement to indicate their meaning. Give the horse the word, and at the same time in some way show him the movement you wish him to make. You want to teach him to obey the command to turn to the right. Each time you give the order turn him to the right, pat him approvingly, go away, and again tell him to turn to the right. Continue turning him to the right until he knows the meaning of the command. It is by this process that one horse will learn another horse's name. In the presence of the animal I call another horse, which may be standing over in a corner, by name. He comes to me. The horse who is learning his lesson knows it is not his name that is called, and that he is not called for. He hears me continually call the other horse "John," and he learns that "John" is the other horse's name. In this way my group of twenty-four horses have each learned to know the name of the other.

Punishing a Horse.

When I am training a horse for any particular trick and he does not go through his work in a proper way, I tap him gently with the whip, but only enough to attract his attention to the fact that I am not exactly pleased with his conduct. I never "lash him into submission," for I do not believe in that theory of training. Such a course only tends to scare the horse. If a horse has successfully gone through a difficult performance I pat him encouragingly, as much as to say, "That's good, old boy; you're all right." After such acts a horse, just like a gymnast or an acrobat, will draw a long breath and seemingly say, "Well, I got through that without making a break."

Systematic Osculation.

The monks of the middle ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders—first, the decorous, or modest kiss; second, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; third, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine; fourth, the slave kiss; fifth, the kiss infamous, a church penance; sixth, the slipper kiss, practiced toward tyrants; seventh, the judicial kiss; eighth, the feudal kiss; ninth, the religious kiss, kissing the cross; tenth, the academic kiss, on joining a solemn brotherhood; eleventh, the hand kiss; twelfth, the Judas kiss; thirteenth, the medical kiss, for the purpose of healing some sickness; fourteenth, the kiss of etiquette; fifteenth, the kiss of love, the only real kiss.

Queer Chinese Customs.

In full mourning among the Chinese the black strands of the queue are replaced by white ones and in second mourning by light blue or green. It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to wear the presence of a superior with his pig-tail wound round his neck or head, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his pig-tail. It seems very odd to see sailors on ship or in barracks combing each other's tresses, or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. Custom forbids a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

How Trousers Originated.

The women of Judah, it seems, were the first wearers of garments in bifurcated form, and man, perceiving the convenience and comfort of this article of dress, evolved by the superior intelligence of woman, appropriated it to his use, and doomed his womankind to incur their limbs with flowing robes, which render it impossible for them to cope with man in the useful avocations.

Educating the Chinese.

Wealthy Chinese merchants are sending their sons to England and America to be educated. Last year America had more Chinese students than England had. The correct length of time for a thorough education is considered to be about five years. If possible, the father goes after his son and brings him home when his period of education is completed.

Weather Signs.

Mr. Glaisher, the aeronaut, asserts, after a long and patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and that in the first and last weeks of the moon's age the rainfall is less than the average. The records kept by Mr. Glaisher also indicate 4 o'clock in the afternoon as the rainiest hour of the day.

Not One Worth.

The second chancellor's medal for classes has been withheld this year at Cambridge University, England, the examiners finding no candidate worthy to receive it—a circumstance that has occurred only once before in 181 years.

PATENT.—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, Doctor?" "My dear man, that's just what I'm trying to save you from."

"Can't you give me something better?" asked the invalid. "Certainly," said the doctor. "The chair you are sitting in is the best thing I can give you."

WHAT A SIGHT THEY WILL BE!

Dame Fashion Says Women Must Again Wear Hoopskirts.

Alas! poor woman! Worth, the great Parisian god of fashion, and Redfern, his lesser rival, have announced that the woman of style will be clothed in the ugly, uncomfortable, old-fashioned crinoline which was the abomination of our women in the '60's. Skirts will be five and a half yards wide and underneath them will be hoops of the same width. To add to the horror of the announcement is the fact that the head must be crowned with "drooping bonnets of a weeping-willow style of architecture," as one writer says.

Fair sister, says the Utica Globe, if you would like to know in advance just how your charms will be displayed under the new fashion, study the accompanying illustration. Of



THE SUMMER GIRL OF '01.

course, it will be necessary to enlarge the theater seats, and, in fact, the whole question of space is bound to become a problem under the crinoline regime. Think of the elevators and street cars, and then the Easter parade! Carriages will have to be ruled off the street for the day, while the entire thoroughfare becomes a sea of billowy crinoline. There will be a great demand for carpenters. Just think of the doors and halls to be widened!

As for dancing, that will have to be done at arm's length. A system of signals should be devised, such as hoisting colored lanterns or waving different flags, so that partners may communicate with each other. Kissing will probably become a lost art, at least among women.

SACRED DEER IN JAPAN.

Tame Creatures to Be Found in a Queer Mountain Town.

Humphrey B. Kendrick, a former resident of Santa Barbara, Cal., who has just returned to San Francisco after a residence of several years in Japan, gives the Examiner an interesting description of a little mountain town named Nara in that country:

"Everyone, or almost everyone in Nara has a deer," said Mr. Kendrick, "and they are as plentiful there as dogs in an American town, while around the temples are great numbers, all sacred to the Japanese. And they are very tame, coming up even to the stranger and almost begging for gingerbread, of which they are very fond, and which the tourist is expected to buy for them."

"When the Emperor, a great many years ago, came into Nara, and Nara, you know, was the first capital of Japan, he rode on a white deer, and that at once made the deer sacred, and at the same time it became fashionable to own one, and now they are the most common thing to be seen in the place, unless it be lanterns, which are actually without number, and of every kind and quality. A lantern in Japan is very different from one here, for there they are stone pillars, although there are some of metal, and made to be suspended. I saw some of bronze in one of the temples which had been brought from Holland long ago. But, while there are so many, the Japanese will never count them."

"That would be a very wicked thing in the sight of the gods, who keep the number a careful secret. And though sacrilegious foreigners have made the attempt no two of them have ever counted the same. Another feature is the goldfish ponds—no such fish as you see here, but 12 and 14 inches long, and of such a deep color, darker than orange even. And those with the fantails are beautiful. All of the ponds and lakes are full of them, and as the water is very clear it is a marvelous thing to stand on the shore and watch them dart through the ripples, and when out in a boat the very bottom assumes a golden hue."

HE STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON.

And, Owing to Billy's Size, He Did Not Say Anything About His Deed.

Who struck Billy Patterson? About fifty years ago this was a question asked very frequently to illustrate the unexpected defeat of a candidate or a doubtful or unknown matter. But who struck the blow was never found out. An exchange professes to have found out, and says it was George W. Tillerton of Georgia. This is the story:

Last evening we published an exhaustive review of a famous case—that of William Patterson of Georgia, the same Billy that was "struck." This week we publish what is believed to be an authentic answer to the well-known conundrum. Mr. Jennie G. Conely of Athol, N. Y., says that her father, George W. Tillerton, who lived at Franklin, Ga., at that time, and who has long since died, struck that blunderer. As related in "Notes for the Curious," last week, Patterson was a Baltimore merchant who had retired to his plantation near Greenville, Ga., where he

became entangled in the famous broil and received the blow which caused him to repeat the question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Being a powerful man, with a fist like a sledge-hammer, Patterson searched long and patiently for the man with audacity enough to strike him, but his search availed nothing. Tillerton kept the secret from his own family until the old man became so persistent in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed, even going so far as to leave the country when he feared the \$1,000 reward would cause some one to reveal his identity to the enraged Billy. After the death of Patterson, Tillerton refused to mention the affair, which was the best course to pursue, as his friends would doubtless have twitted him with playing the "live sheep racket over the dead lion." It is only recently that Mrs. Conely has heard of the reward waiting a claimant in the Franklin County (Georgia) Court of Record. The writer has not been informed whether or not she will make an effort to secure the \$1,000 offered as a reward for her father's rashness. Future developments will add a third and last chapter to this interesting bit of history.

Pursued by the Tide.

At the little town of Granville, in Normandy, there are treacherous tides, which suddenly overwhelm the low shore. One of the perilous incidents resulting from their rising is described in Henry Blackburn's "Artistic Travel." Two friends were one day absorbed in examining the rocks at some distance from the shore, and in collecting the numerous marine plants which abound in their crevices, when suddenly one of the pair called out, "Mercy on us! I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

Turning toward the shore, they saw a stream of water running rapidly between them and the sand. They quickly descended the rocks, but before they could reach the ground "the sand was in stripes and the water in sheets." They then ran for the shore, but before they had proceeded far they were met by a fisher-girl, who called:

"The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn and run for the rock, or you are lost!"

They did turn, and saw, far out at sea, a large wave rolling toward the shore. The girl led the way, and the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her. As they neared the rock the wave was beginning to roll in, and for the last ten steps they were up to their knees in water; but they had reached the goal!

"Quick! quick!" cried the girl pointing upward. "There is the passage to the cross at the top; but if the second wave comes, we shall be too late!"

She scrambled on for a hundred yards, until she came to a fissure in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill-race. With some difficulty they reached the upper rocks.

There they rested for a moment, when another great wave rolled in, and the water ran along the little platform where they were sitting. They rose and mounted the rocky points, which are never quite covered with water, and clustered together for support.

In a few moments the suspense was over. The girl pointed to the shore, where they could see people waving their handkerchiefs, and whence came the faint sound of a cheer.

"They think the tide has turned," said she, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; the tide had turned. Another wave rolled up and wet their feet, but when it passed the water had fallen.

In Magellan Straits.

It is a lucky thing for the natives of Southern Patagonia that the navigation of the Strait of Magellan is dangerous. Vessels often anchor in the strait for the night on this account, and this gives the crooked-legged natives a chance to come out in their canoes and trade with the ship's company. The chief articles offered by the natives are furs of various kinds, especially of the sea otter. These they sell for a trifle, or more often barter for a few things they need. The best otter skins are worth as much as \$600 to \$700 when brought to civilized markets, but Patagonians offer only poor skins.

Job Lot of Walts.

The late Samuel E. Adams, of Richmond, Ind., was fond of telling of a remarkable coincidence which happened several years ago. During a severe thunder storm a canary bird flew into the house. Within a few minutes a shivering and badly frightened spaniel was found begging for admission. The dog was let in. Less than an hour afterward a child was heard crying on the outside and the door opened to admit a little tot scarcely 2 years old. The child, dog and canary were never claimed. Mr. Adams found a comfortable home for the little one, while he continued to care for the dog and bird.

No Longer a Vision.

One of the visions of Jules Verne is likely to become a reality. Experiments have demonstrated to the satisfaction of experts of the navy that a ship can be constructed with a capacity for submerging itself and moving below the surface of the water rapidly and under strict control.

Successful Reformatory.

The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has met with gratifying success in its farm colonies for pauper and incorrigible children, and a bill is now before the Legislature conferring on the society the official custody of the children committed to it by the courts.

WOMAN IN THE ARCTICS.

Miss Taylor's Trip to the Mackenzie River Delta.

Travel in the far north has hitherto been attempted only by men, but the year 1892 has witnessed the breaking up of this monopoly.

Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband to a point farther north than any white woman had ever before penetrated, and early last summer Miss Elizabeth Taylor started from Winnipeg for the Mackenzie River delta, and from this expedition she has just returned.

Miss Taylor is by nature a traveler, and by education an artist, and she is greatly interested in natural history, says the New York Morning Journal.

She started on her trip alone and made it alone, successful to the end. She is the first woman explorer that ever ventured into the polar regions on her own account, and with an amount of pluck and steadfastness that would have done credit to a strong man she has carried out her programme and completed her round trip to the far northern forts of the Hudson Bay Company, says the Omaha Bee.

Her sketch-book is full of drawings, which are not only of great historical and topographical interest, but also of a very high order of artistic merit. In spite of great disadvantages and continual suffering from coarse food, incessant attacks of insects, ill-health and sleeplessness, induced by the perpetual daylight, she has averaged over a drawing per day.

Her sketches are only a small part of the results achieved by this indefatigable girl Greeley. Her diary is as full as her sketch-book, and her notes on the different aspects of nature are full and of great value. In addition to this and her photographs, Miss Taylor has made a considerable collection of natural history specimens.

May Be Useful.

The kryptophone, invented by R. Henry, in 1883, is said to have been so perfected recently as to promise practical results. In this instrument a very sensitive receiving diaphragm is so disposed that it will respond to and transmit air vibrations produced by any noise to a distant telephone—an alarm bell being provided at the receiving station to attract the attention of the attendant. The sensitivity of the apparatus is such that with the receiving diaphragm immersed in a body of water the pulsations of a steamboat, from two to three miles distant, are readily discernible. Buried in a roadway the diaphragm is claimed to give warning of the approach of vehicles and foot passengers at a considerable distance.

Plenty of Snakes.

The sharpers have resurrected the old scheme of advertising Uncle Sam's stamps as fine steel engravings, and reports from rural New England show that they are finding plenty of victims. A man living in Spencer, Mass., saw an advertisement that on receipt of \$1 an elegant engraving of the "Landing of Columbus" would be sent. He forwarded that amount and received in return one of the Columbus 2-cent stamps.

Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras means "Fat Tuesday;" it is Shrove Tuesday, the last week day on which meat can be eaten before Lent begins. It is the end of the carnival in places where the carnival is celebrated, and on it the principal public events of the carnival take place. So Mardi Gras is Shrove-tide; Shrove, because Shrove Tuesday was the day on which the faithful made confession and were shriven before Lent began.

Lace in New York.

New York buys more lace than any other city in the world, and there are said to be scores of New York ladies whose collections of lace vary in value from \$20,000 to \$50,000. The Vanderbilts possess laces which rival the Prussian and Austrian crown laces, and are valued at \$500,000. The late Mrs. Astor had a lace dress that cost \$15,000, and another was recently sold to an American lady for \$25,000.

Prehistoric Traces.

Recently some glacial scratches were found on the top of the Palisades, above Fort Lee, on the Hudson, showing the course of the ice that covered the continent down to this point. The general motion of the glacier was southward, but these cuttings point to the southeast. Many boulders of trap, obviously from the Palisades, are found on the western end of Long Island.

A Witch's Deception.

In a side street in an Italian town a sign hanging in front of a physician's office reads in part as follows: "The said Professor Ricca will use for his slaves in making them live snakes and large serpents, vipers, bears, monkeys, marmots, weasels, and numerous other wild animals, alive and in good condition."

Metal Ties No Good.

Numerous metal ties have been invented and many roads have tried them, but all have proved unsatisfactory. The principal objections to them are their cost and their non-elasticity. A track laid on metal ties wears out rolling stock much faster than one laid on timber.

Mr. White's Idea Is Good.

H. H. White, late of Canada, is going to inaugurate a new style of farming on his place near Hudsonville, Mo. His crops will consist almost entirely of roots, such as sweet potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc.



PLAYING SCHOOL.

accord for these things. That is a point gained. I have taken the most vicious horses, runaways, "man-eaters," and by my methods trained them so that they could be driven with perfect safety. Kindness and firmness will accomplish wonders in training

pantomime I give the others to understand that the newcomer is to be a member of the class. And in this, as in other respects, the horses behave a good deal like boys in school when a strange boy comes into the class. The horses look critically at the visitor, and, as boys do, sometimes persecute him. They will bite him, and, seeing that he is not welcome, will make an attempt to leave. If he does I put him back in his position. I pat the others on the back and make them understand that they must allow the newcomer to remain. He will gradually become acquainted with the rest. And then, with the others, he, too, will "pick" at the next new horse.

After the horses have been trained to perform various tricks they not only enjoy taking part in the exhibition, but sometimes when a horse is negligent or reluctant in going through his act, those next to him will urge him, and, by biting or crowding, seek to punish him for not performing promptly or properly.

Teaching a Horse to Fire a Pistol.

To teach a horse to fire a pistol is a long and difficult piece of work. First, I teach him to hold a small, flat piece of soft pine wood, about half an inch thick, in his mouth, or, rather, between his front teeth. At first he will spit it out. I put it back again carefully, without hurting him. Finally he will relax his grip to allow the stick to pass in easily between his teeth. After a while he will shut his teeth and hold on to it. Then I let go of it. If he drops it, I pick it up and gently replace it. When he has learned that you wish him to hold the stick, and that it does not hurt him, he is willing to do it. The next step is to hold the stick down below his head; make him lower his head a little and then put



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

horses. There is a great difference between firmness and cruelty. I do not believe in being cruel, but I do in being firm.

To make a horse stand on a pedestal, first of all I teach the animal to stand still in one place. Then I call him, alternately, to step backward,



THE BELL RINGERS.

to step forward. I may lead him, but when I give him the word it must be obeyed at once. Next I take hold of his foot, keeping it for a few moments in my hand. I continue that lesson until he begins to think that all I want to do is to hold his foot in my hand. I practice that until he knows it perfectly. Next I take a small box about a foot high and place it in front of him. I lead him up to it. I take up his foot and try to place it on the box. He will pull it away. I take up his foot again, hold it awhile, rubbing his leg gently with one hand. After a few lessons he will allow his foot to remain on the box. After he consents to put one foot on the box I raise the other foot and hold it in my left hand, so as to keep the other in position on the box. If he pulls down the foot on the box (which he is likely to do) I place the other one on the box. When I have trained him to bear his weight on the foot which is on the box I have made great progress, for then he will allow the other one to be put up. I keep both hands behind his legs. If he attempts to take down either one I catch it and give it a light rap, at the same time pushing his head forward so that he raises it and allows his weight to rest on both feet on the box.

Being taught gradually, he finds experiments quite easy. After while he will approach the box and put up one foot. Then you lay him on the other back, and in a few seconds he will be on all fours on the box.

the stick in his mouth. That drill is followed until the stick is placed on the ground and he consents to take hold of it and pick it up with his teeth. You can finally throw the stick on the ground, say "pick that up; give it to me," and he will obey. I now take a strap of leather, and so arrange a pistol that



TURNING BACK THE HAND OF THE CLOCK.

it can be fired off by pulling the strap. The pistol is not loaded at first. He must be taught that the strap is the object he is to take. Next you hold the pistol with a black cartridge from which weeks of the powder has been extracted, and let him put